



A
UNIVERSAL ELEGY,
 IN
COMMEMORATION

Of the sadly Deplored and much-Lamented and Unhappy
 DEATH of that Unfortunate Knight,

Sir John Johnston;

Who was Executed, at *Tyburn*, the 23th. day of *December*, 1690.
 for Felloniously forcing away the Lady *Wharton*, an Infant, &c.

24. Dec. 1690.

LICENSED, according to Order.

Slth unto me, Unworthy, you commit
 This worthy Task (for better Muses fit)
 To Sing (nay rather, sadly to deplore)
 This common Loss, that nothing can restore.
 You, Sacred Brood, born of Celestial Race,
 You Virgin-Youths, that poure down the Grace
 Of Arts and Learning on your Servant, dear,
 Vouchsafe Assistance to my *Mourning* here:
 Teach me sad Accents, and a weeping Measure,
 To strain forth Pity, not *Revenge* and *Pleasure*.

And you, my *Private Cares* (although the cause
 Of your Despairs, does never; never Pause)
 Pause you a little, and give ear a-while,
 'Midst *publick* Grievs, my *private* to beguile.

Give leave, I pray you, for a *private* Case
 Unto a *publick*, ever must give place.

Alas! how fitly is this Life of ours,
 Compar'd to Field-Grass, and to fading Flowers?
 Fresh, green and gallant, in the Morning-Sun,
 Wither'd and Dead, before the Day be done!
 Did ever yet the World's bright Eye behold
 (Since first th' Eternal Earthly Slime enfold)
 A Frame of Flesh, so Glorious here beneath,
 But hath been ruin'd by the rage of *Death*?
 Of *Death*, dread Victor of all Earthly thing,
 Who in a moment equals *Clowns* with *Kings*.

No *Wealth* can wage him, nor no *Wit* prevent him;
 No lovely Beauty can at all relent him:

Nay, (which is worse) no *Virtue* can avail;
 Ah me! that *Death* on *Virtue* should prevail!
 But 'tis decreed, *Death* is the Mead for Sin;
 This, by *Ambition*, did our Grand-Sire win:
 And We, the Heirs both of his *work* and *wager*,
 Must all Dye once, throughout all after-Ages.

And Here, for instance, see this Sable *Hearse*,
 Shrowding the Subject of my Mournful Verse!

What shalt thou see more, far more living here?

This Heaven, this Sun, thou oft before hast seen;
 And should'st thou live another *Plato's* Year,

This World would be the same that it hath been,
Death's end of Ills, and onely Sanctuary,

Of him that cannot 'scape the *Grudge* and *Gall*
 Of a Potent and Mighty *ADVERSARY*:

It is a Point, which Heaven appoints to all
 There's Rest Eternal for thy Labours, rise;

There's for thy *Bondage*, boundless *Liberty*:
 There when *Death's* endeth, she begins thy Life:

And where's no more Time, there is Eternity;

F I N I S.

